

Her complexion was dark.  
Her hair was black and glossy.  
Her eyes were black and fiery.  
And her lips were full and red.  
She was just the type to appeal to an American millionaire.

Or—to an Indian Prince.

But Paula had never met an American millionaire.

And she had never met an Indian Prince—before.

She looked at the face of the Rajah.

His skin was black.

But his hair and his eyes were no blacker than her own.

If she only looked into his eyes, he might have been a mate for her.

If he only looked into her eyes she might have been a mate for him.

And now he did look into her eyes.

And now she did look into his.

That night the Rajah put on even more gorgeous robes than he had worn during the day.

And even more splendid pearls.

Paula forgot to look at his black face.

She forgot to think of it.

She only looked at his white pearls.

She couldn't think of anything else.

The Rajah told Paula of how his ancestors had obtained these pearls from afar.

How they had sought for them.

This one had been in the eye of a Buddha.

That one had been the cause of a battle.

And so on, and on, and on.

Then he stopped speaking of—pearls.

And he started speaking of—her.

His voice softened.

His eyes brightened.

And at last—he said it.

He was a prince.

He possessed pearls.

He loved—her!



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Paula loved pearls.  
And the Rajah loved—women.  
The Rajah had pearls.  
And Paula was—a woman.  
So they stood side by side.  
And they stared at one another.  
Then the Rajah showed Paula more pearls.  
He conducted her about the palace.  
He offered her some refreshments.  
And he invited her to be his guest over night.  
Paula accepted his attentions.  
And his invitation.  
She wondered if she were asleep.  
And if this were a dream.  
One of those marvelous dreams of hers.  
She had imagined it all so often before.  
But no, this was not a vision!  
It was a reality!  
She was the guest of an Indian Prince.  
The Prince had the finest pearls in the world.  
And he—liked her.  
She appealed to him.  
So Paula—thought, and thought, and thought.

What did it matter?  
Where was the harm?  
What was a—husband?  
What was—anything?  
The Rajah held her hand in his.  
There were pearls in the rings on his fingers.  
The Rajah put his arm round her waist.  
There were pearls in the bracelets on his wrists.  
The Rajah crushed her to his breast.  
There were pearls in the chains around his neck.

Paula returned to her husband.  
She wore a string of pearls around her throat.  
She gave her husband an explanation.  
She said that she had bought the pearls in a shop.  
She told him that they were imitation.  
And he believed her.  
And she despised him for it.  
Poor fool!  
He didn't know the value of pearls.  
But the Rajah of Raboda did.  
And so did Paula!



**\$3**  
**A PAIR**

*Wear to spare  
In every pair*

**BUTLER  
ART SHOES**

**TOP FLOOR  
KEARNS BLDG.**